A signe of dignity, a garish flag,
To be the aime of euery dangerous shot,
A Queene in iest, onely to fill the sceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein dost thou ioy?
Who sues to thee, and cries, God saue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happy wife, a most distressed widdow;
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name;
For Queene, a very catife, crownd with care;
For one being sued too, one that humbly sues;
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that scornd at me, now scornd of me.
Thus hath the course of iustice wheel'd about.
And left me but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more being what thou art,
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and dost thou not
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burdened yoake:
From which, euen here, I slip my wearied necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell *Yorkes* wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes will make me smile in *France*,

Qu. O thou well skild in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day,
Compare deaths happinesse with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy losse make the bad cause worser,
Reuoluing this will teach thee how to curse.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Q. M. Thy woes will make them sharp, & pierce like mine

Dut. Why should calamity be full of words? *Exit Ma.*

Q. Windy atturnies to your clients woes,
Aiery succeeders of intestate ioyes,

Poore

Poore breathing orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they do im
Helpe not all, yet do they ease the heart.

Dut. If so then be not toung-tide, goe with m
And in the breath of bitter words, lets smothe
My damned sonne, which thy two sonnes sm
I heare his Drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard, marching with Dru
and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?

Dut. A she, that might haue intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast d

Qu. Hast thou that forehead with a golden C
Where should be grauen, if that right were ri
The slaughter of the Prince that owde that Cr
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and bro
Tell me thou villaine slaue, where are my chil

Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brothe
And little *Ned* Plantagenet, his sonne?

Qu. Where is kind *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Vaugh*

King. A flourish Trumpets, strike alarum Dru
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale wom
Rayle on the Lords Anoynted, Strike I say. *Th*
Eyther be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous reports of warre,
Thus will I drownd your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou my sonne?

King. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your

Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.

King. Maddam I haue a touch of your condi
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe,

Dut. I will be mild and gentle in my speech

King. And briefe good mother for I am in h

Dut. Art thou so hastie, I haue stayd for th
God knows in anguish, paine, and agonie.

King. And came I not at last to comfort yo

Dut. No by the holy rood thou knowst it
Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hel